

A VISIONARY

LETTER

TO THE

H. B. W.

FREEMEN of the CITY of

BAGDAD,

ON A LATE

ELECTION

OF

CAILIFF and SCAPINS.

By a Pupil of Alexander the Coppermith.

Discite Justitiam moniti.

BAGDAD:

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[Price Threepence.]

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CHIEF CLERK

By a Pupill of Alexander the Copier

Digitis Jussu

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T H E
P R E F A C E.

AS this VISION has a Likeness of the present Times, it's possible it may be thought purposely so designed, and wrote by some of partial Influence. The Writer declares, no Person but himself, had any Hand in it, or ever saw a Tittle of it. He neither enjoys, nor did, nor ever will, any Place of Trust or Profit in the Corporate Body. His Fortune is not large; yet he disregards the Favours, and despises the Frowns of all Men. His Love for his native City is great, so he thinks it his Duty to expose it's Enemies, and proclaim it's Friends. He could speak many Things more plain, but hopes a Hint will check the too forward and encourage the fearful.

If the Cap fits any, they may freely wear it, if not let them fix it on their guilty Neighbours. Truth will stand the Test, when Falshood, tho' supported by Bribery and Corruption, in the End must have a fall. Read and remark, and you'll please.

W. B.

As the Nation has a history of the present time, it is possible it may be thought worthy to be followed, and more by some of partial interest. The Nation believes, no Nation but itself, and any Nation that ever has a right of it. The nation cannot, nor will, nor ever will, any Place of Trust or Profit in the Corporate Body. The Nation is not large; yet it distinguishes the Favour, and despite the Frown of all men. The Love for the Native City is great, to be thinks it his Duty to expose it's Favour, and give him it's Friends. It would not many things more plain, but before it will, it will not be forward, and never more the same.

land and revenue, and sell it cheap.

M. B.

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THE VISION.

LA T E L Y, meditating on the Folly of Mankind, in many or most Occurrences of Life; some vainly pursuing Things quite impossible to obtain; others as eager after Trifles, which when obtained, have no intrinsic Value in them, and can afford but little Satisfaction to the Possessor. Yet so great is our Madness, and our *Imaginations* so bewildred, that we *sacrifice a Substance* really in Possession, waste our Time, and quarrel with our Friends, if (from a juster Way of thinking) they differ from us in Opinion, and all to enjoy a dear-bought *Phantom*, a Piece of *Vanity*, a meer Shadow. These Considerations working strongly on my Mind, just as Sleep was taking Possession of my *Senses*; Fancy still awake, resumes the Contemplation, and presents the following *Vision*.

Methought I was in the Middle of a very populous *City*, but how I got there, I could never account, being an utter *Stranger* to the Place, and every Thing round me. After my first Surprise, I began to look about, and observed it seemed a *Town* of great *Oppulence* and *Trade*. Vast Numbers passing to and fro, all in prodigious Haste, and with an *Emotion* in their *Faces* indicative of something more than the common Concerns of *Life*. I stopped many to enquire but could get Answer from none, the general Hurry was so great.

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In particular I observed one or two Ladies who by their *Dress* and *Attendants* seemed of superiour Quality passing in as great Hurry, as the *Decency* of the *Sex* would well allow; they seemed by their *Countenances* to have rather a greater *Share* of that uncommon Concern, and entered almost every Door as they passed. From *some* they returned much *dejected*, from *others* quite *elate*. I was determined, as I had pretty well got over my former *Surprize*, to follow one of them, in Hopes to have this *Mystery* unriddled. I did so, and observed the *Ladies Business* was a *verbal Petition* in Favour of some *great Man*, who by what I could pick out, was suing for an *Office* dependant on the *Voice* of the *People*. In most Places, I observed she grounded her *Petition* on *Favours* the *People* either already had received or might hereafter expect from herself, or Friends. *Some* who neither had *received* or *expected* any, she addressed in a different, but as extraordinary a Manner. She told them, she had a *Request* to make, and hoped they'd not refuse her.

A *Petition* from the *Fair-Sex* carries so much Weight with a Man of *Honour* and *Politeness*, especially as he imagines from his own *just Principles*, nothing unreasonable can be demanded, that he grants without *Hesitation*. She intreated some, after their having told her, they were promised in an opposite Interest, *which to me seemed very uncourty*. To some she offered her bended *Knees*, some she used with *Threats*, and some with encouraging *Promises*.

But what seemed most unaccountable; I never heard her ground any *Petition on the Merit of her Friend*; which really occasioned a secret *Pleasure* in me at every *Denial* she met with. I imagined her Interest to him was founded on *Relationship*, *Acquaintance*, or some other private *Motive*, and that her *Friend* had no real *Merit in him*; or, if he had, I judged he wanted many valuable *Qualifications*, which

which hindred her from urging the former, least the latter should be objected to her.

Being weary of this Pursuit, I left the *Ladies*, in Hopes to find some indifferent Person, who would give me an Account of the Place I was in, and the great Hurry I saw. I had not passed far, before I met a comely old Gentleman, by his Appearance of Quality above the Croud, and by his Aspect, as tho' all Concerns of Life, but what related to his own Being, were intirely disregarded by him. Pray *Father*, says I, what means all this tumultuous Hurry, I am a Stranger, quite unacquainted with the Place and People, and can't prevail on any Person to give me the least Information of what they are doing. By my own Observation, *I don't find their great Concern is about the common Occupations of Trade*, usual in all large Cities. It certainly must be something more *momentous*, that thus engages the general Attention. Pray are you apprehensive of an *Invasion* from any *foreign Enemy*? Or does a *civil War*, (the Bane of many Countries) threaten your's? Or, is it any Discord among yourselves, a Dread of some *Revolution* in the *Government* of your own City? Or what other Motive can cause this great, this uncommon Concern in the Faces of all I meet? The old Gentleman thus replies, *Sir*, you question me about a Matter, in which, but for the short History you have given of yourself (whereby I find you are a Stranger) my Surprize would be as great as your's; as thinking there are few (if any) so indifferent as myself in regard to the present Affairs, much less one to be quite unacquainted with them. We are under no Apprehension of any *Invasion*, neither does a *civil War* threaten us; I wish I could also say, *Discord* was as far from us: And many would wish a *Revolution* in the Government of our City not at hand. But this I assure you is greatly dreaded, and one very principal Cause of the general Confusion you see.

see. Our City as most others is governed by a *civil Magistracy*, and as *Faction* or a *Division* is a Consequence of most corporate Bodies, ours carries it to a very great Height. The present *Party have reigned for many Years*. I wish I could say with Justice, and a true Judgment of the Interest of the City. But I assure you, Sir, they are so far from making our *Good* any Part of their *Study*, that it is never considered by them, at least, we who are not in the *Administration* must judge so by the Consequence of their Proceedings. They give us *Majestates whom Nature never intended for such Offices*, but rather for the meanest in *Life*, they reject *Men of Worth*, of *Understanding*, of *Honesty*, and of honourable *Principles*. They *tax* us, and collect large *Revenues*, which is to be feared they divide among themselves, or certainly they would render us some *Account* of our *Money*. They make *Men free*, (in order to strengthen their *Party*) who have no *Right to it whatever*, and refuse that *Freedom* to others, who are *intitled* both by *Birth* and *Servitude*. Here, *Sir*, is a *CLUB* held, which at present governs our *City*, we'll step up and see what they are doing. Accordingly my Friend and I got unheeded into one Corner of the Room to observe the Behaviour of this Body. We had not long been seated, before I could plainly see, the *CLUB* was govern'd by two Men, who sat near each other; one (by his Countenance) I judged to be a Relation of *Bacchus*, he was all volatile and gay, quite facetious and free with every Person; but of great Warmth in discouraging of the general Business; especially if any Opposition, but that seldom happened. His Neighbour seem'd of the Family of *Saturn*, his Countenance gloomy, and general Discourse but little: Yet I observed him often in close Cabal with many round him. *Bacchus* never proposed any Thing in publick, but immediately after such Cabal, which made me think, tho' the *Company* were governed by him,

him, yet that he was governed by *Saturn*. One Thing much surprized me. I observed they made a very large Collection, (under the Cant of Charity) which I presently found was to be distributed among such poor *Freemen*, as the Persons intrusted with it could prevail on to *vote* as they should be directed. This shocked me greatly; to see a Number of Men, who would be thought of honest, honourable Principles, raising Money to debauch the *Morals* of their poor Brethren. I judged their Cause was bad. or this Way would never be used. *Truth* and *Honesty* will support itself. *Fraud* and *Violence* must be supported by *Money*. Another Thing I observed, they here named *Persons* annually to serve in the public *Offices* of the City, as tho' they were certain of a *Majority*. The Cabal agreed on them. *Bacchus* proposed them, and the Company all approved without making any Objections with Regard to Demerit, &c. This likewise gave me great Disgust (after my Friend had acquainted me with their Character) that Men of any Understanding should be so led, contrary even to their own Opinions: But *party Zeal* is something like *Enthusiasm*, both furious and equally inconsistent.

That tall Gentleman (says my Friend yonder) with the swarthy Countenance, and lofty Look, is one of the *Candidates* now agreed on. Observe, with what a haughty Air, he as it were forces himself to thank the Company for the Honour they have conferred on him, he does it with great Pain, and seems to over-look all around, as though they were beneath him greatly. This Honour has been many Time offered him, and he as constantly refused it, thinking any such *Office* below his Notice, tho' a Man of Family inferior and Fortune not equal to many in our City. But the Acquisition of more Money than he ever expected, has raised him to such an Height of Pride, that he is justly despised by all who an't dependant on him; and his present

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Acceptance

Acceptance of the Place is owing to a particular Cause, of which I will acquaint you by and by.

Observe that other *Candidate*, he seems abashed in making his Compliments, not from *Pride*, but from a secret Consciousness of being unqualified for the *Post* they have raised him to. He is not a *native Citizen*, or a long Resident here, nor can I tell how he is intitled to this Trust, he's quite unknown to many present, less known to the City in general, and will be voted for by several who have never seen him.

Strange Fatality, thought I, that the *private Views of some capricious Men* should thus govern a Multitude, contrary to all Rules of Justice and right Reason.

Business now done, and the Company withdrawing, my Friend and I joined in the Retreat: Being desirous of some Discourse with them, I applied to a Man, who by his sober solid Countenance, and advanced Age, I thought fully able to give a satisfactory Account of the late Proceedings.—Pray, says I, (addressing myself as a Brother of the Club) are you acquainted with that strange Gentleman proposed to us To-day. —No really I am not. —Then you can't tell whether he may turn out a good or a bad Member; I have no Knowledge of him neither, and much dislike a Stranger should be put upon us: Tho' I had not Resolution in public to make my Objections, I think I won't *vote* for him. Sir, says he, I as much dislike many of our Proceedings as you do, but as it is a Rule strictly to adhere to whatever is thus proposed, tho' it be from but a few of our principal Members, *we* must always comply, otherwise *we* shall make a *Rent*, which may soon *tear* the *Garment* a sunder.

What you say is so far right, but whether the *rending* of the *Garment* (as you call it) would be of good or bad Consequence, I am at a Loss to judge; I'll confess to you I am not well acquainted with the Fundamentals

Fundamentals of our *Club*: Neither can I tell the Cause of this general Division in our City.

In Truth, says he, I am in the same Situation; I have been a Member these many Years, studied our Constitution both general and particular, consulted every Brother-Member, and never yet can learn the Foundation of these *Feuds* among us, or the certain Cause of our thus assembling. I believe all Bodies, *civil, religious and politick*, have some Divisions. Our's has been divided for many Ages, but never till within these few Years settled into so determined a Party, there was another Party had the upper Hand some Time past; during their Reign a very *calamitous Season happened*. The chief *Magistrate* in the administering Relief out of the *publick Bounty*, was greatly *defrauded and deficient* in his *Accounts*. Our Friends I believe then formed themselves, and from a *popular Zeal*, (which was a good Handle) *persecuted the Man that none thought guilty*, even themselves returned him *Thanks* for his *fatherly Care*, in so *deplorable a Time*. This beginning and our Practices since have held us together. But in as much as we are gone beyond all Bounds, I am determined to quit, and if you join me, (as the Election comes on To-morrow) will *vote* against this *Stranger*. I am determined I'll no longer be made a *Dupe* to the Designs of a few (I fear) ill-minded Men. Were our Principles good, our Practices would be different, therefore I'll shake off the Fetters, and as heartily wish a *Change* as any *Zealot* in the Opposition. I readily joined him in his last Conclusion, and so we parted.

My Guide and I immediately stepped into a neighbouring Coffee-House, where I could distinguish the Faces of many I had seen at the *Club*, busily employed in making *Interest* for the two *Candidates privately promoted*. To some they only mentioned their Names, some they petitioned very strongly,

strongly, and some they threatned in Case of not going with them.

While this was doing, a pretty elderly Gentleman entered the Room, with a good Grace, his Hat under his Arm, his Air genteel and free; he was attended by many, in particular by *Bacchus* (the chief Patriot of the *Club*) who introduced him to the Gentlemen present. I observed he addressed them in a very *polite* Way, which made me at once conclude him a Courtier of experienced Eloquence, sent down from a higher Power to influence the Minds of the unwary People. Coming a little nearer, I took Notice his Suit was all in *Favour of himself*. And to my Surprize I observed, he did not scruple hinting, at *his own Merit*. I really blushed for him, and must own he *lost* with me much of that *Esteem* his distant Appearance gave him. One Thing I took particular Notice of, such as his Rhetorick had no Prevalence with, *he petitioned for future Favours*, in Case he could not then succeed; which made me think he was *conscious of his own Demerit*; or, knew there was a superior Power engaged in the same Cause, which made it unlikely he should succeed.

At this Minute another Appearance attracted my Observation: A *Youth* of a smiling and most agreeable Countenance entered the Room, but not in that pompous Manner as the *Courtier*, yet I presently found his Business was the same. His Dress quite plain, no Way distinguishing from his friendly Attendance, his Address very graceful, tho' quite different. Instead of using any pompous Flourishes or Hints at his own Merit, he with great Diffidence (the true Attendant of a noble Soul) only *hoped* the *Favours of his Fellow-Citizens*. This Word warmed me to him, methought it looked like the Petition of a dutiful *Son* to an indulgent *Father*, whose Interests were so connected and inseparable, that tho' the *Son* had not (as in Duty bound) petitioned in so suppliant

suppliant a Manner, yet the *Father* must confer the *Boon* rather than give it to any *foreign Stranger*.

The Hurry growing very great, my Friend and I retiring, I beg'd he would inform me for what Dignity these Gentlemen were contending, which I apprehended but one could obtain. He thus replied, The great Confusion you observed at your first entering our *City*, is chiefly, (tho' not intirely) on Account of those Gentlemen, as almost every one has taken Part with one Side or other; that Lady you took Notice of, in such fervant Application, has taken Part with the Courtier, what her Reasons are, I can't pretend to say, but my Opinion of the Matter I will give you in few Words. You must know our *City* (tho' large and flourishing) is but the second in the Kingdom. The *Metropolis* holds an *Assembly*, Part composed of Men sent up from the other Towns and Counties; they are vested with many valuable Privileges, and should be *Men of large Fortunes, unblemished Characters, and of generous Principles*. They should be born in the *Country*, have an *Interest in it*, and (if to be got worthy) should *live in or near the Place they represent*, in order that People may have immediate Application to them, for Redress of their several Grievances; as also in Expectation that they'll more immediately have the *Interest of their native Place at Heart*, than any *Stranger*. If they are *Foreigners*, and have none, or little *Interest with us*, they'll certainly consult that of their own native Country preferable to ours. If they are Men of small Fortunes, there is a Danger of their accepting Places of Profit, which must bias them to our Prejudice, if it be demanded of them. If they are Men of bad Characters or base Principles, their Service will only tend to some destructive Ends. Therefore all, and every Person capable of giving a *Vote in so important an Affair*, should disinterestedly consider, and well weigh the Merits of the Cause, and not for any Reason

Reason whatever (even for Friendship the strongest Tye of Nature) act contrary to their mature deliberate Judgment. They should consider one *Vote* in *Parliament* may *unbingle a Constitution*, and that *Majority* may have been Occasioned by the *single Vote* of a *Cobler* in making of an unworthy *Member*.

How far these *Gentlemen* come under the Consideration necessary, I think is pretty justly laid down in a small Paper which I'll shew you, the *Courtier*, under the Character of an *Ascanius*, the Youth under that of *Alfred*. The *Courtier* holding a valuable Place under the Government, I am sure alone disqualifies him; besides he is a *Foreigner*, and Native of a Country that has more Power over Us than our own Constitution, and who are jealous of Us as Rivals in their Trade, and would wish us under Ground. He may be a Man of Fortune, and generous Principles, but by his late Behaviour, it certainly must be small, or his Avarice great. He don't purpose living among us, neither has he any Interest in our City. The only Recommendation I find his Friends can give him is, his being in a publick Place, which enables him to do some *Services* for some *Particulars* in a *Maritime* Way. That he has been pretty helpful thus, and if not chosen may resent it to their future Prejudice, I grant he has been thus kind to many, and did it possibly (which was his Duty) from a Principle of assisting the Fair Trader, in every Thing reasonable, but if 'twas done as the Fable hints, a future Refusal in such Cases, would be of general Service, as the lawless Interest of Particulars should give Place to the lawful and general good of Mankind.

View the Youth as a contrast to his Character, he comes to his native City, from a natural Love and Right in it, almost as soon as the Possession of his Estate makes him his own Master, being detained from it during his Minority by the Will of his Guardian. He comes attended by his Consort,

a Lady born of noble Parentage, and educated in the gaiety of Life, who as well as himself, must have many strong Inducements to settle in another City, were they not born down by that inherent Love in his (as well as every worthy Breast) of preferring the Place of his Nativity, to all others. His Fortunes large, and likely to be greatly increased. His Characters unblemished, and Principles quite generous and just. Witness his diffusive Spirit extending itself, not only to the Necessities, but even the Luxury of his Fellow Citizens.

The general Voice of the People proclaim him the Man. To their Honour be it spoken, that they have Judgment to distinguish between Merit and Shew; between a Courtier in Place, and a Man of Fortune independant, and above any Place could tempt him. Between a Native Citizen, and a Foreigner born to hate us. Between a Man generous and public Spirited, and a Man of Parsimony. Between a Man qualified in every respect to serve them, and a Man no way fit for it.

I thought my Friend reasoned very judiciously in Favour of the Youth, which gained him my good Wishes. We had not gone much farther before He thus Addressed me. Here says He, is another Club, like a Phenix rising out of its own Ashes. They once had the Ascendancy in our City, but have been overpowered for many Years; now finding Matters carried to a destructive height, by their Opposers, they are again roused, and determined to bring Things to a moderate State, if they can't entirely get the Reins in their own Hands. The Wantonness of Power is dangerous, and whether they might in all things behave becoming, were they invested with it: I can't say, but this is certain, if their Principles are as just, as the Title of their Club is loyal, they might do, much Good, and Injury could none. All true Protestants should adhere to them, all Lovers of their King and Country.

Here

Here they may find an *Assylum*, here a *Friend*, here an *Assitant*; these are Truths beyond Contradiction, and what confirms them, is their being *joined* in *Interest* and *Affection* by a *great Man*, in our Kingdom, who ever made the Interest of it his Study, and the good of our *People* his *Fatherly Care*. A Man who was always *Vested*, with *honourable*, *noble Principles* in the *most dangerous Times*. A Man who has given general Satisfaction in public Life, as well as great content in private. A Man *born for the good of our Country*, and truly worthy the Dignities conferred in him. A Man who has no Enemies, but such as jealous of his Virtues are incapable to imitate them.

Would you believe it, Sir? this good Man (our greatest Friend) *is entirely opposed by the reigning Party*, and from what Motive I cannot say, but purely a Spirit of Opposition: They have hurt us greatly by it, having forced him (like an injured Parent) to withdraw his bounteous Hand, 'till such Time as a scene of our Defection shall incline us to a Return of our wonted Duty.

As we passed along I heard a clattering of Armour, and enquired of my Friend the Cause; he told me these were a *Set of Gentlemen* and *others*, who had formed themselves into an *Independent Company*, in order for *Instruction* in *Military Affairs*, that in case any *Foreign Invasion*, or *intestine Trouble* should happen; they may be qualified for a proper *Defence*, as well as able to *instruct their Brethren*: Their Institution was noble, and from an honourable Motive, and had it *rested on its first Principle*, it's possible might have gained them a *regular Commission to hold their Body*: But as they seem too generally to espouse any Debate relative to a *single Member only*, and also inclinable too much to meddle in the civil Government, it's thought they'll not be permitted long to subsist.

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The Court I see is gathering, on which the sinking Hopes of the old Party, and the aspiring Hopes of the new, this Day greatly depend. That of the Candidates is in some Measure linked with them, as the Favour of a Magistrate is a necessary Assistant. The High Party *mostly join the Courtier*; all the Low Party *the Youth*. We'll step in and see how they proceed.

At our Entrance, methought I had got into a rustick House of Merriment, where no Order, or good Manners could be expected, rather than a Court, where Method should Preside, and Decency be observed. A confused humming Noise (as from the whole Assembly) was all could be distinguished, except here and there an *exalted Voice*, which was no sooner uttered than suppressed by one more clamorous, and neither able to make themselves be heard. The *Bench* was filled with *Men, who seemed like Statues, plac'd for Ornament, not Use*, they either wanted *Power to over-rule, or Sense to interpose Persuasives to good Breeding*.

At length whether tired at their own Noise, in which no Man could hear his Neighbour, or from Respect for one I observed rising among them, a sudden Silence took Place. This Gentleman with great Fluency of Speech address'd the Audience. After proposing some Matters with regard to Order and setting other Things to Rights, the Battle begins. I could presently perceive, by many *Faces* I had seen at the *Club*, which side the Question they inclin'd. A sudden Joy on any little Majority, and a sullen Sadness when against them, says a Man, (standing at my Elbow, I suppose to his Friend) we must expect in this Part of the Pannel our Enemies will have a large Majority, these are Men we have no Influence on, but presently we shall whip them up. Pray, says I to my Guide, what's the Meaning of this Man's Expressions. Why, Sir, says he, I'll tell you, these old Partizans know

as well as the Beggar knows his Dish, in what Part of the Pannel their Strength lies. These Pannels are Lists of all Freemen, which they keep Copies of, and are so well versed in them that they'll tell you, almost to a single Man, what Number will be for, or against them in every Page. *They work like Moles under Ground to support their Strength, they bring Men to Life that have been dead to the World for many Years : They threaten the trading Man, corrupt the poor Man with Money, even to the breach of solemn Promises ; the rich they entreat, as an indigent Man would for an Alms ; they ransack Town and Country, and also foreign Kingdoms, to keep up their Force.*

What the Man meant by whipping up, was the latter Part of the Pannel ; there they have got a *Number of Recruits*, qualified on purpose to answer their Ends, and I am told they intend making *an hundred Freemen more*, provided they'll solemnly engage with them, not considering how destructive it will be to the *Revenue*, detrimental to the City in general, and I fear, in the End, destroy our *Charter*.

How some Men are infatuated, thought I, just'y comparable to the *fallen Angels*, not with their own ill State content, they headlong bring the innocent into the guilty Snare. That Man who thro' Engagements breaks, is greatly wrong, but he who urges the Deceit, is doubly false ; beside, his Spirit's mean, and *Principles quite base*, and would not stick at Actions the most *vile*, but for our wholesome Laws, which awe his guilty Soul. But dying Men at Straws will grasp, as Knaves, to escape the Rope, their dearest Friends condemn.

Observe, says my Friend, that old Gentleman now speaking, he's the chief, or only Advocate the high Party have to gloss their private Actions, and tinsel them over, in hopes to gain Applause for what deserves the most severe Rebuke : Observe
how

how he is wrought up, the Features of his Face *distorted*, his Colour raised, his Eyes inflamed, his Mouth all in a Fume, the very Man *quite* lost by *Agony* and *Passion*, and all from an aspiring Thought of being a *Bulwark* to that *Club*, whose Height by none is envy'd, no more than will their Fall be pitied.

Saturn you see is quiet, he mentions not a Word, being Master of such Sense to know, his Silence gains him most Applause: But the Agitations of his Mind work on the *Muscles* of his *Face*, that you may judge the Part he bears in every Scene that's *acted*.

Bacchus I can't perceive, it's possible he may be found at the Entrance of the Court, tampering with his Enemies, or chearing up his Friends; or more likely he's in some neighbouring House of Mirth, *distributing his darling Juice* to some whom there he holds, *as a Corps de Reserve*; that in case they can't without, with them they may gain their destructive Ends; such Men there are, indifferent to the Party and no way dependant on them; yet, led by *idle Tales*, or *slavish Fear*, who always *vote* on any Case emergent, but never otherwise.

Most strange, thought I, that Man should so be governed. The *Poor*, whose Educations low, and Understandings weak, and Life become a Burthen more than Comfort; I should not wonder to see acting, as those who pay them high shall order. The *middling Man*, whose Dependance is on all, I likewise, in great Measure, would excuse for sacrificing his Judgment to his Interest. But the *rich*, the Man of Understanding, well educated, and independant, to see thus hiding his Face, *basely* made a Dupe, and at last brought into his Confusion, carries in it something so mean, as Words cannot express.

Observe, says my Friend, that Gentleman under the Bench, with the Paper in his Hand, and now speaking;

speaking ; mind how he *r-o-a-r-s with his Mouth open*, and Face raised towards that learned Body, as tho' he hoped an Infusion of their Sense, to enable him to utter his wild Thoughts in some coherent Manner. I find he's done, and *believe his Words have given Offence to none* ; as I dare say, they could not be understood : I once heard him speak in this Court, and never more ; speak I should not say, for, tho' near him, I could not distinguish a Word he said, but by the *Contortions of his Face*, the *prodigious Extent of his M-o-u-t-h* and the *Motions of his whole Frame*, I judged he was attempting to speak. He is a Man of Sense equal to a *Ploughman* ; he has acquir'd a good Fortune, gone thro' one Station of the *Magistracy*, and greatly thirsts after the *Supreme*. He is a Member of the *Club*, contributes pretty largely to their dark Subscriptions, is become a *furious Zealot* ; and on that account thinks himself fully qualified and intirely equal to any Post in our City : He wants a little of *Saturn's* Sense to know the Defects of his own. His large Contributions, and great Zeal has made him giddy, and much exposed his weak Side ; whereas had he walked in a lower Sphere, he might have covered his Defects, and passed for a Man of common Understanding, which would have gained him more Esteem and exposed him less to *Satyr*.

What's the meaning, says I, of this prodigious Shouting ? This, says my Friend, is on account the *Highb Party* have gained their Ends in a *chief Magistrate* ; that Man you see with the pale, meagre Countenance (who seems more confused than joyful) returning Thanks from the Bench, for the honour his Friends have raised him to, is the Person elected. The Gentleman in Opposition to him, is a very principal Merchant, a Man of Fortune, of Integrity and good Understanding ; *but our worthy Patriots* wisely considering our Trade is chiefly maritime, have given us a *Sea Captain*, whose
Integrity

Integrity (if not superior to his Understanding) will make a Figure in the Office, little to our Advantage, and not much superior to his Predecessor: Some of his Electors seemed ashamed of their Choice, particularly I observed *Saturn*, (their Morning Star) hiding beneath his Beaver; but no Matter, if they can utter the Word given forth by their Leader, their Joy is as great, as tho' their Man was a *Lycurgus* or a *Cicero*.

We staid 'till they had gone thro' the second Poll, for Inferior Officers, and found the CLUB's two Members chosen.——Now, says my Friend, they have gained the Government of us for another Year, after a hard Struggle, to the Trouble of their Friends whom they have brought several hundred Miles to their own great Expence, in Bribery and Corruption, and I fear to the Destruction of our general Revenue: Certainly this must be consumed, or they'd never so work to keep their *dark Mysteries* still a Secret. Why, Sir, they are so well versed in Deeds of this Sort, and succeed so easily, that they attempted to *bribe* that great Man, I mentioned to you a while ago, tho' they knew his Promise was before given against them; and what do you think was the Bait? Money they knew would not do, he was above their Threats and despised their Favours: *Their Offer was nothing less than a Sacrifice of our City; these (would be thought) Patriots, these zealous Citizens, these independant Freemen, these Exclaimers against our being made a Borough, would notwithstanding, give us up without Reserve, and all for the Interest of a private Man.*——Oh! my poor deluded Fellow-Citizens, how are you led? how are you cozened? Had this great, this good Man accepted of the Offer, and been the bad Man your Leaders would represent him, what would become of you? Where would be your Refuge, or who your Support? But he valuing the Love of all, and despising such Meanness,

Meanness, *rejected this unworthy Offer, and exposed their Baseness.* I hope in Time they will see their Folly, and consult our private Good, as well as our general Welfare.

The Court withdrawing, my Friend and I join'd the Crowd, at our coming out, our Ears were saluted with the following Song.

I.

COME all ye Hibernians *I'll sing ye a Song,*
Of a Matter depending, which won't keep you long,
You know we're about choosing a Man for the Chair,
Then let us with due Prudence our Judgment declare.

II.

We'll have one of Worth, of Fortune Independent,
Of Morals not debauch'd, by Birth a true descendant
From Parents Hibernian, all born in our City,
And Protestants stanch truly wise if not witty.

III.

The Man who comes nearest, these good Characters trac'd,
Shall have all our Votes, we'll see him firmly plac'd
In spite of all Faction, however despotick,
Or a Party enrag'd, at disclosing a sad Trick.

IV.

Here's a Health to Harry and Thomas the Just,
Our Island's great Bulwark, our City's true Trust,
May they go Hand in Hand, and all Honour pursue,
And remain bright Examples to every True Blue.

Newenham's

Newenham's *the Gentleman I have Painted here to
serve Ye,*
Take him, or go to the Devil's Arse Apeke in
Darbe.

The prodigious Laughter of the People, at the
Conclusion of the Man's Song, and at the same
Time missing my Friend, wrought so strongly on
my Fancy, that I *awoke* and found it all a *Dream*.

F I N I S.

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...to the ...
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The ... of the ...
... and ...
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